

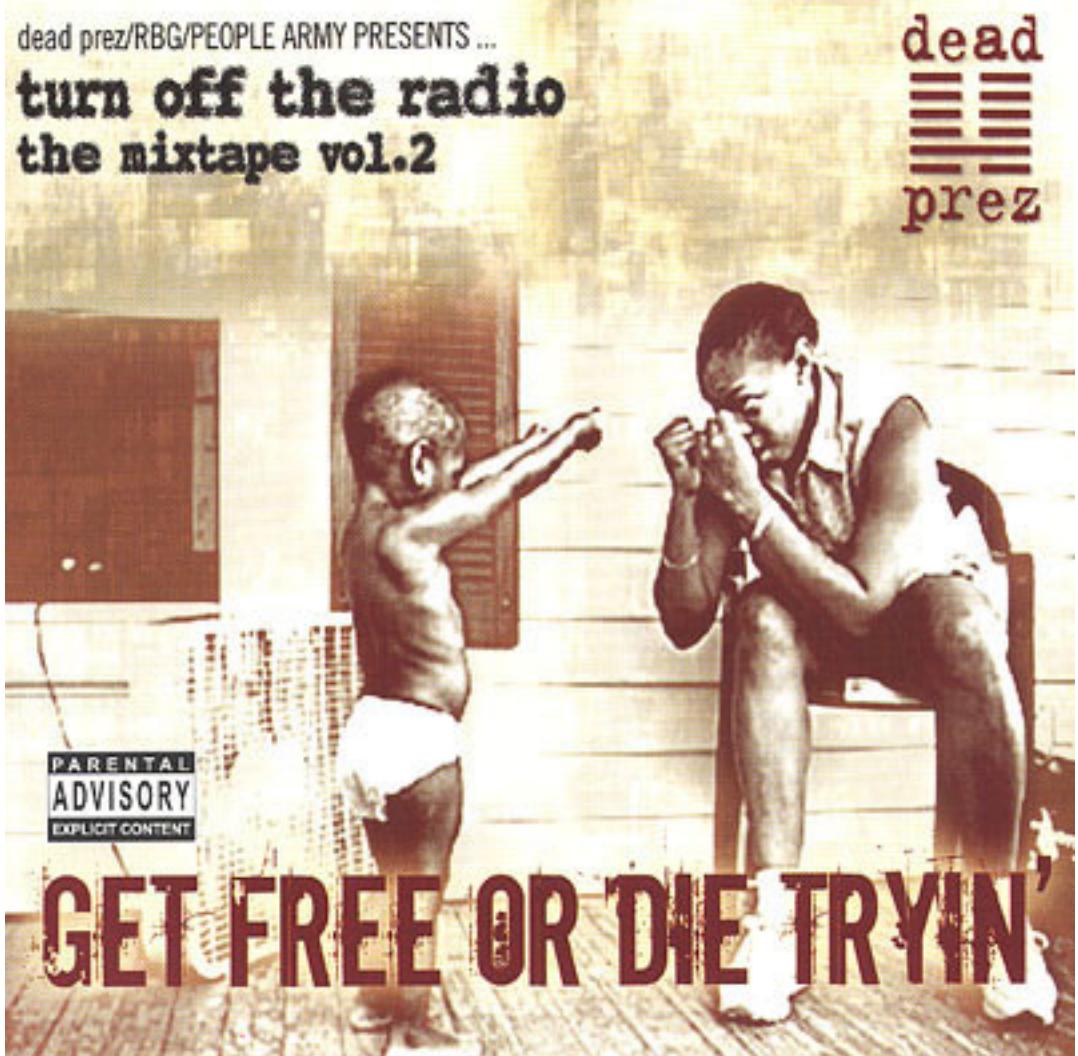
dead prez/RBG/PEOPLE ARMY PRESENTS ...

turn off the radio
the mixtape vol.2

dead
prez

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

GET FREE OR DIE TRYIN'



Dead Prez Lyrics

"Fuck The Law"

(feat. The RBG Family & Stic)

Slap a white boy. Snuff your landlord
Smash some windows. Break the camcord
Rob the corner store. Bomb the precinct
Take the CO. Stab the GT
Pimp the system. Bang for freedom
Fuck the high schools. Burn the prisons
Ride on the record labels. Jump your A&R
Fuck the contract. Push the AR
Get your bank up. Slip the banks up
Break the handcuffs. Invade the campus
Steal some pampers. Smash the cameras
Fuck the police. Grab the camera

You wonder why we feel like fuck the law
You wonder why we write up on the wall
You wonder why we burn the cities down
Cuz we don't give a fuck, the time is now
You wonder why we feel like fuck the law
You wonder why we write up on the wall
You wonder why we burn the cities down
Cuz we don't give a fuck, the time is now

Cock your rifle. Rep your people
Fuck probation. Kidnap your PO
Run the roadblocks. Smash a TV
Fuck with DP. Steal the CD
Kiss my black ass. Nail the judges
Hang the lawyers. Ride for justice
Keep it gangsta. Kill the snitches
Get rid of the middleman. Control your business

You wonder why we feel like fuck the law
You wonder why we write up on the wall
You wonder why we burn the cities down
Cuz we don't give a fuck, the time is now
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Dead Prez Lyrics

"Tallahassee Days"

(feat. Stic)

1993

Southside

Orange Ave

Southcity

Tallahassee Florida

I'm take ya'll back to the yellow mustang with no license
With that 38 under the seat

What you know?

Yo

Whoever said life is beautiful lied

This shit is hell

I've seen too many funerals

Too many of my niggas locked in cells

Nobody ever put me on life was like this

I'm 20 years old and my whole life's a crisis

No way out

And I mean that

When I say that

Runnin' round from place to place

Like a stray cat

I don't own nothing, don't hold nothing

I'm growin up with nothing to show for all my hustlin'

Still strugglin'

And a job is a joke

They ain't hirin'

The only free ride I get is one with a siren

So what other choice do I have?

I got niggas on the ave

Pushin slabs that a break me off a Porche and a half

So I can stand on my own two

Be able to have what I need

So I can do what I want to

I wish I woulda had a career

Cause through the years my momma stressed

Takin care of self

But I ain't here

I was caught up

Sipin on Coors

Smokin Newports

Short

In and out of court

Without a single thought

These days I'm out bout to Loc

Whether I make a record or serve dope

I refuse to keep bein broke

Cause times are getting rougher by the second
As long as I come up
Who give a fuck about the method
It's a kill or be killed kind of a theory that's in me
So when I die, at least I'm taking somebody with me
If I'm wrong, than I rather be wrong than right
45 calibre chrome and its on tonight
Nigga
That's how I'm livin
Low life, runin licks
Taking big risks
Tryin to get my motherfuckin flow right
Cause without loot it's useless
My life as a youth was fruitless
That's why nowadays I'm ruthless
Plus I got a lady in my life
That one day just may be my wife
If I can deal with this crazy strife
I put love in the air
Show that I care for her
Let her know I always be there for her
But right now the type of life I live
Can't afford no wife and kid
I gotta fight for my right to live
So I cock my hat low
Snatchin up pocket books and float
Cause I'm a thug and that's all I know
Whatever it take to make the steps
I'm ready to take the steps
Whoever got paps better break theyself

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Scared To Die"

I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose
Plus I ain't happy here livin' on a planet full of fools
I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose
Plus I ain't happy here, no, I ain't happy of your family

I ain't scared to die, even though I wanna live
Deep down inside I'm a cross between homicidal, suicidal
'Coz I was born to give my life like the Messiah
Smokin' weed till I can't get no high, tryin' to ease the tension

Heavenly Father, did I mentioned in my confession
The world got me stressin', maybe death will be a blessin'?
[Incomprehensible] grew up learnin' lessons in the street
From seminary to 72nd in Lacey in the east

Side of Oakland, California I was on my own at a early age
That's why I'm filled with rage
I know the system is responsible
For the conditions of my black folks in the ghetto

All across America, their funk is deeper
I put the message in the music to wake you up out your sleep but
How could I keep my head above the water
When the force of the current is pullin' me harder than I can swim?
Sometimes I feel like I oughta die the death of a martyr
Before they kill me, I'ma slaughter [?]

I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose
Plus I ain't happy here livin' on a planet full of fools
I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose
Plus I ain't happy here, no, I ain't happy of your family

I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose
Plus I ain't happy here livin' on a planet full of fools
I ain't scared to die, I ain't scared to kill
I'm a righteous black gorilla from the hill of 72nd in Lacey St

To all my comrades in the pen, wait for me
I swear to God, I'ma set you free
Even if I gotta lay it down in the dirt and if I'm lyin' I'm dyin'
If I'm dyin' atleast I died puttin' in work
And if there's Hell below, we all gon' go
Death can't hurt unless we die slow

Sometimes I look up in the mirror starin' deep into my own eye
Searchin' for the strength to carry on
Wonderin' if I died a physical death

Will my people remember me when I'm gone?

The ghetto is a warzone, 7200 is my head code
'Coz when the funk is on I pop the clip up in my chrome millimeter
The Grim Reaper, keep my heater in my shoulder
[?] soldiers at the hideout

Righteous black gorillaz 'bout to ride out, to put the smash down
Run up in the bank, yellin', ?We want the cash now?
To finance a revolutionary struggles all around
Lay it down on the ground

And if I hear the sound of a siren
I won't hesitate to get the firin' on everybody in the buildin'
Killin?, I'm a villain because I'm black
Put your hands up to the ceilin', keep on fillin' up the sack

I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose
Plus I ain't happy here livin' on a planet full of fools
I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose
Plus I ain't happy here, no, I ain't happy of your family

I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose
Plus I ain't happy here livin' on a planet full of fools
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Dead Prez Lyrics

"When Mama Cries"

(feat. Stic, Jamila, Umi & M1)

Why do babies cry?
Cauz they knew they were born in that violent start
And my mama cried, on the day I was born cauz she knew I would die

Aw shit, another young brother hit
They got me doin my dips and loadin my clips
Bloomberg name place like shit on our lips
Projects flippin, niggas is shitting on pigs
It's ain't a war where we live nomore, it's a massacre
Brothers ain't trying to ride, we in the passenger seat
And everybody just tryna eat
But im tryna eat then live get high n get free
Dont tell me im deceivin myself
If has the case I rather meet reality now
A gun to my face than play fight with police and get shot in the back
So they can dirty my name and sprinkle some crack
Tell me that's not how we gettin down
We have some principals I guess some things is diffrent now
Broken promises we made to my homie's mom
They killed her only son and now she cryin in my arms BE STRONG

Don't cry don't cry don't cry no more
Cauz it won't be long, we will survive
Don't cry don't cry don't cry no more
Cauz it won't be long, we're gonna ride

I cried when Tupac died, it was a Friday
We sat up that whole night, bumping Shawtay
I felt the same way when I lost my cousin Padre
Why so many niggas had to go out the hard way
Nobody knows the reasons we here
We just surviving from day to day
Caught up in the game you have to pay to play
Life is just a series of days that fade away
Everyday the sun rises but nothing changes

I feel the sadness, I'm tryna console his family
And tell his mama that her son is still standin
I know he left you a life that's full of pressure
But in me you'll find a piece of his spirit
And as children, the block was our prison
We couldn't escape the bid that we was given
Learnin lessons, searchin for directions
Clinging to the truth, poverty kept us desperate
With steady grind and with our minds on survival
Had plans to build a fam without dope or violence

But in a second, niggas is left breathless
We as caught in this storm, being born as a black men
And life is tragic, my nigga's in his casket
They got me loadin clips ready to bust a cracker
I can't replace him, but I'm here to help you face it
Consider me your son, 'till it's my time to face death

Don't cry (don't Mama) don't cry (don't you cry) don't cry no more
Cauz it won't be long, (You know that we will survive) we will survive
Don't cry (don't Mama) don't cry (don't you cry) don't cry no more
Cauz it won't be long, (You know that we're gonna ride) we're gonna ride

Mama hold your head up high
Cauz it wont be long, (You gotta be strong) we're gonna ride
Mama hold your head up high
It won't be long, (It won't be long) we're gonna ride

Bang for change, Make the change
That's on everything
It's on for life

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Window To My Soul"

My big brother. Revolutionary love
You know your lil brother love you, dawg
You know your sister love you, dawg
You know your mama love you, dawg
We riding right here with you dawg
Be strong man. Keep pushing forward. Look here

You're my brother and I love you and I wrote this for ya
If I could change anything, it's what that dope did to ya
Coming up, I looked up to being just like you
Same crease in my khakis tried to dress like you
You getting swole lifting weights, stocking caps with waves
I'm trying to see the world how you see it, wearing you shades
You and pops never really got along, who was right or wrong
15 years old kicked out all alone in this cold world
And I can only imagine what you was going through
Cause I was so young when it happened
Mama cried like a baby that day
She never blamed you, it was painful
Cause she knew the streets was waiting to claim you
Over time, we could see the hardness in your face
Wanted to help, but couldn't find the words to say
I guess I went into denial hoping for the very best
Stopped believing in they God cause what God would allow this?
Not in my wildest nightmares, nothing compares
To see my brother be a crack fiend for all these years
Tried to send you inspiration when you was locked in the pen
But soon as you came home you right back on that shit again
And mama say she don't feel safe with you home
She got to hide money and lock her room door when she gone
We still love you but until you find strength in yourself
And the will power to open up and accept our help
What can we do? I can't let you terrorize mom dukes
We feeling like we just gone have to turn you loose
They say in war there's no victory without causalities
But when it hits your family that's when you really see

Like a window to my soul, you can see the pain in my life
Got to make a change in my life (it's a struggle every day)
And it's not impossible to make a change in my life (gotta keep pushing forward)
I can make a change in my life, I know (ain't no other way)

I know it's hard coming home to the same old shit
Ain't nothing changed cause the game don't quit
The pain inside is still throbbing
The same conditions that first created the drug problems still exist
And it's a bitch, got to go to the job or starve

Without a gun every day employees get robbed
And on days off, we blow off them crumbs like nothing
Getting high cause a nigga gotta get into something
But we get trapped in a cycle of pain and addiction
And lose the motivation to change the condition
I blame it on the system but the problem is ours
It's not a question of religion; it's a question of power
How did black life, my life, end up so hard?
Why do so much injustice go unresolved?
Why the ones we call governments be the main causes
Behind why all the dope is coming through the borders
Television reporters got the facts distorted
Making scapegoats of every black youth on the corner
It's a war even though they don't call it a war
It's chemical war unleashed on the black and the poor
And who benefit? the police, lawyers, and judges
The private owned prison industry with federal budgets
All them products in the commissary
Tell me who profits, it's obvious and it's going too good for them to stop it

In my mind, my body, and my soul, I need a change in my life
We need a change in our lives, you know
And it's not impossible to make a change in our lives
We can take the pain from our lives, fa sho

We don't own no boats
We don't own no planes to bring no dope
We don't make no cellophane (bags to bag it up)
We just caught up in the game
Don't you know

Don't you know it's bigger than this shit
I know you know. I know what's in your heart dawg
I love you til the end of time. And again and again
I'mma be your brother, your comrade, and your friend
Til we win and even then

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Last Days Reloaded"

(feat. Onyx & Sticky Fingaz)

South suicide Queens
Brooklyn
All my soldiers gather up all your arms
Let's go to war niggas
Onyx, Dead Prez

[Fredro Starr:]
This is America's nightmare
Red, black, green and don't give a fuck
Just wanna get free and live it up
Fuck a 9 to 5, and labels trying to slave us
Busting 12 gauges, breaking your minds out the cages
Crips and bloods banging in New York, that's outrageous
Protesting is hopeless
We putting lasers and scopes on the toasters
Shooting at the police in the streets is the focus
Roll with the rush, it's that official nas
Got soldiers with pistols that blast
We living in the last
My theory is fuck it until the system ain't corrupted
To the public I'm conducted through ghetto clips and armor metal
Busting at the feds or Berettas, we never settle
Til the Rockefeller laws get better
We all trapped in the hood fucking all together
It's war forever
So guns up, if the cops run up on ya
Hold down your corner, and cock a four pound on em

[M1:]
Multiple shots, heard on the block
And my niggas is popping the cops
All up in the hood, it's hot
Living life with my back against the wall, it's over
Open and sober, holding pistolas and repping my culture
Get it or die trying, us against them, freedom or death
This how we on it when it ain't nothing left
Ain't getting locked up no more, ain't buying your raw
Rocking it up, coming for mine, cocking it up
This is the last day, hour, minute and second
So I'm screaming "fuck they law," and carry my weapon
Warrior code, shoot and reload, and we taking back what we are owed
We dividing it with my soldiers
You dare to struggle, you dare to win
To the OGs and the veterans, spreading that ghetto medicine
This is my last day, on my word and my balls
When the people army rise, then the system will fall

These the last dayz (get yours!) [x4]

[stic.man:]

Just talking bout takin my own life, into my own hands
RBG, refine, be a grown man
See that's what I'm doing, cause I know it's inside of me
All I gotta do is just bring it to reality, it's
Fuck the government, but still I gotta pay the rent
So yeah, I'm for the caper most definite
Keeping it militant, focused, intelligent
Pimping the system is basic common sense
It's still fuck the pig, black power ain't dead
All that red, white, and blue shit be going to y'all head, see
We break bread, it's like a game or a sport
Gotta train everyday to keep your team on point
Cause still to this day our reparations ain't paid
And you can see it in the poverty around the way
It ain't even our own people on BET
So they gotta get it from somebody, it might as well be me
Besides, a nigga gotta eat when he hungry
You see how they sent troops to war for they country
Niggas worldwide need an army of one
This revolution to the fullest, put the bullets in the gun nigga

These the last dayz (get yours!) [x8]

[Sticky Fingaz:]

Ayo these niggas in the streets ain't ready for no revolution
But neither am I, I'm at the club getting stupid
I ain't got no time to think about who's really oppressing me
I'm too ready to smash the first nigga stressing me
Far as I'm concerned they got us trained so well
Look like we doing a good job of killing ourselves
It don't take heart to pull a trigger, so I'm glad that I'm heartless
Killing easy, living with it was the hard shit
I done broke every rule in the Good Book
Trust me, I memorized The Anarchist's Cookbook
This nigga here ain't as dumb as you think
I could make a bomb with the shit that's under your sink
My name is a number, they trying violate my probation
Fuck it!
Throw me in jail, I need a vacation
Our future is fucked, it don't do no use to pray
My views is the same views of the youth today
The last dayz nigga

These the last dayz (get yours!)

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Out In The World"

Now there's two things that's the same
In every hood, in every ghetto across the world
And that's struggle, and that's dreams

In my hood, Southside Tallahassee, FL
I had both of those, still got both of those
I'ma let you in on somethin' real quick

Let's take it back to the early '90s
Taleho, Florida is where you'll find me
'78 Omega automobile I'm driving
Bass bamblin' with the wind behind me

Hitch from the attic is the name of the crew
'Coz road shows and hoes that's all we do
And all three G's believe me, we got that hot shit
To the point that nigga 'bout to quit on college

Parents upset cause I shat on school
Beat spot got hot so I'm playin' it cool
Crew movin' to New York, I'm 22 years old
My girl's stayin' cause she's scared of the cold

Out in the world (Where you tryin' to make it at)
Out in the world (Where they tryin' to take it at)
Out in the world (Where my folk tryin' to get fat)
Out in the world (And every time get set back)

Out in the world (Where my dawgs at?)
Out in the world (Uh huh, fo' sho)
(Where my folk gonna stay strong)
Out in the world (Let us move on)

Now I'm in the Brook in Decater
Whole different look, different sound and flavor
Washin' dishes at the Hotel Four Seasons
15 an hour, don't plan on leavin'

Homesick, skippin' work every weekend
Went down, found out my girl was cheatin'
Heart broke, tired, started freakin'
Year later terminated for no reason

Got a new girl as the leaves turn brown
Seein' me stressed said she would hold me down
Had to move to the Bronx where the crooks be juxin'
Sold my first track, moved back to Brooklyn

Music 101, the whole game is dirty
Got me 25, feelin' all of 30
Went from a lover to straight up hustler
Stressed a lot, developed clusters

Out in the world (Where you tryin' to make it at)
Out in the world (Where they tryin' to take it at)
Out in the world (Where my folk tryin' to get fat)
Out in the world (And every time get set back)
Out in the world (Where my dawgs at?)
Out in the world (Uh huh, fo' sho)
(Where my folk gonna stay strong)
Out in the world (Let us move on)

2 G, Y2K bug is gone
Put my gas mask back 'coz them lights is on
Dead Prez in the stores and the streets is groovin'
Hi, I'm still broke and my beats is movin'

Gotta grind harder 'coz my bills is major
Got a cell phone, had to dead the pager
Can't blame the game 'coz the game don't feed you
Can't blame the world 'coz the world don't need you

Seem like every excuse I use is see-through
Help myself first, then help my people
'Coz folks sells hope, runnin' scams to burn me
Wash me, comb me, relax and perm me

Gotta get control and stop this car from swerving
Now I'm kinda cold, only the doe concerns me
Try to spend less than the amount I'm earnin'
Lessons everyday I'm learnin'

Out in the world (Where you tryin' to make it at)
Out in the world (Where they tryin' to take it at)
Out in the world (Where my folk tryin' to get fat)
Out in the world (And every time get set back)
Out in the world (Where my dawgs at?)
Out in the world (Uh huh, fo' sho)
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